of the five lún, while the Shang Ti Kung stands for the unity of all of Chichou.

The fifteen minute walk from the train station in Hsulin to the village of Hsiachichou takes one through the main business street of the market town. Here under the arcades which edge the street are a variety of small stores and shops which cater to the material and spiritual needs of the surrounding villages. There is a small shop selling ice and a variety of cold drinks, a western style drug store advertising everything from aspirin to penicillin, next door to this a traditional Chinese drug store famous for its cures for consumption, the tiny office of a local doctor trained in Japan, a dry goods store specializing in ready made western clothing, a tailor who scorns western clothing, a coffin shop sweet with the cool smell of camphor, a small two story hotel which also functions as a brothel, several food stores pungent with the odors of garlic and salted cabbage, a photography shop displaying pictures of Japanese and American movie stars, a pool hall where young village men come to play billiards at night, a variety store selling mostly children's copybooks and writing materials, a dusty mill full of sacks of grain, two family shops making noodles for local restaurants, a fortune teller's stall run by a man disabled in the Second World War, a three or four room hospital which serves as a prison for the violently insane, and at the end of the street a Tu Ti Kung Temple supported by the local businessmen and their families. To know this street is to know a great deal about the life of the local population.

• 36 Beyond the Tu Ti Kung temple at the end of the arcade, the path to Hsichichou turns sharply to the right, narrows into a crooked little alley, and then suddenly opens out to the lush green countryside. From here one can see most of the district of Chichou. In the immediate foreground is a cluster of red brick houses which make up the village of Shalun; behind these are the green tile roofs of the Japanese built elementary school and police station; to the right is another cluster of poorer homes belonging to the village of Pantzupu; and in the distant foreground under a great tree is a small Tu Ti Kung temple behind which one can make out the roofs of Hsiachicou among the thickly leaved trees. After the cluttered dirty streets of the town, the scene is one 341 of remarkable beauty. The carefully patterned paddy fields create a 342 framework of order and coherence; the graceful concave roofs of the red brick farm houses bring life to the mass of green; and in the background the massive prominence of the central mountain range gives the whole vista a sense of dignity and proportion.

342 As an introduction to life in Hsiachichou no aspect of the village is more revealing than the village houses. Embodied in the design of the houses and the living arrangements of their inhabitants are the essential dimensions of village life. As the variety of building materials reveals, the typical village house is an aggregate of structures dating from various periods. In most cases the original structure is a long rectangular building partitioned into five parallel rooms. Almost without exception, the central room is the largest room in the house, and is entered by way of heavy double-leafed doors which face

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien
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great hunks of snowy fat (the poor man's meat), buckets of blood and entrails. The fish stalls, less gory and less colorful, abound with local river fish and a few ocean fish brought in on the early train, some swimming in buckets, others gutted but missing no eyes—a great delicacy, or tails—a matter of aesthetics. And everywhere there are chickens, ducks, geese, both live and dead. The smells to a foreign nose are sometimes exhilirating, sometimes appalling; the sounds are bewildering. The day's fowl quack, cluck, and honk their distress; above their protest the voices of customers and merchants rise and fall. The din of heated bargaining blends a variety of languages. The farmers speak either Hokkien or Hakka, the native Chinese dialects of the island; a few merchants and their friends converse in Japanese; policemen and soldiers prefer Mandarin, the official language.

Away from the uproar of the market, Tapu's streets seem relatively calm. The paved main street ends at the canal, an irrigation ditch civilized by concrete banks for its passage through town. In several places, steps that lead into the canal end in small platforms where the storekeepers' wives and daughters can do their laundry while keeping an eye on the store. There are more shops on both sides of the canal: a small bookstore, a tailor, a fabric and ready-made clothing store, a photographer, and a paper store that supplies school children with copy books and pencils, and adults with the paraphernalia of worship—metal wires dipped in incense and bundles of spirit money burned to provide for the deceased. One of my favorite shops is that of the beidz-maker who fills the air with a lively rhythmic chwing-chwing sound as he fluffs cotton into puffy battings for warm winter comforters. A little farther down the street a noodle-maker is usually at work. He suspends strips of dough between pegged poles which he gradually moves farther and farther apart as the noodles stretch and dry. Just beyond the noodle-maker is a small, paved square, formed where the canal goes underground. This is the site of a shrine dedicated to Tu Ti Kung, the lowest ranking god in the Chinese supernatural bureaucracy. Tu Ti Kung serves his celestial superiors as the official recorder of the activities of the living. In the country, he is the guardian of the land and the god of agriculture; in the town, he is considered a patron of business and a god of wealth. The responsibility for burning incense at his shrine each morning rotates among the families residing in his district.